

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-151548  
NY 100-91330

~~W&E~~ [NY 694-S\*] The source used to characterize O'DELL is  
and the sources used to characterize Freedomways  
Associates, Inc. are [redacted] and NY 694-S\*. J&U b2=1

This letterhead memorandum is being classified  
"Secret" because it contains information from a highly  
sensitive source concerning O'DELL's association with  
JAMES BALDWIN the well known Negro author. J&U

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

SAC, CLEVELAND

1/3/64

SAC, NEW YORK (100-107419)

EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE  
IS-C  
(OO:NY)

Identity of Source

Description of Info

Date Received

Original where located

12/16/63

A copy of informant's report follows:

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 5/24/89 BY 2058 BTJ/af

- 1 - Cleveland (100- [REDACTED] (RM)
- 1 - New York (134-9409) (Inv) (424)
- 1 - New York (100-25780) (CORLISS LAMONT) (41)
- 1 - New York (100- [REDACTED] (JOHN HENRY PAULK)
- 1 - New York (100- [REDACTED]) (HERBERT BIBERMAN)
- 1 - New York (100-146553) (JAMES BALDWIN)
- 1 - New York (100- [REDACTED] (424)
- 1 - New York (100- [REDACTED]) (GARY MERRILL)
- 1 - New York (100-107419) (41)

JJP:kmk  
(11)

100-146553-85

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 3 1964	

[REDACTED]

12/16/63

On 12/13/63 the Annual Bill of Rights Dinner sponsored by the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee was held in the Imperial Ballroom at the Americana Hotel, 52nd St. and 6th Ave., NYC.

CORLISS LAMONT was the master of ceremonies and he introduced JOHN HENRY FAULK as the 1st speaker.

FAULK's talk covered Civil Rights and he satirized the right wing conservative element and particularly Southerners. FAULK introduced the next speaker, Mrs. CYRUS EATON.

Mrs. EATON criticized the role American women are forced to play in that they are told what to do by the mass media of advertising. She called the American press "garbage". Mrs. EATON defended the right of the group of students to visit Cuba. She also stated that we have an idiotic foreign policy and that the CIA is a giant colossus with its foot in everyone's mouth. Mrs. EATON said the FBI is hypnotized by the Communist Party to the point that it does not see the vast network of crime in the United States right under its nose.

CORLISS LAMONT then presented the Thomas Paine award to ROBERT DILLON (ph) a young beatnik type entertainer. LAMONT said DILLON earned the award for his work and efforts on behalf of Civil Rights. DILLON is described as a white, male, 20-25 years, 5'9", 150 lbs., slender build, dark hair and medium complexion.

In his talk, DILLON said that the older people should move aside for the younger elements to push for civil rights. He said he agreed in part with LEE OSWALD and that he thought he understood him, although he would not have gone that far. DILLON was booed for his remarks concerning OSWALD and his talk was generally not well received. It appeared that LAMONT attempted to stop DILLON's remarks concerning OSWALD by tugging at his coat.

The fund raising was conducted by FNU BIBERMAN (ph) who asked for pledges and donations. No total figure on donations was announced but it is estimated that over \$15,000.00 was donated.

The final talk was given by JAMES BALDWIN, the Negro author. He spoke of the prejudice against Negroes in the civil rights movements. He also said that J. EDGAR HOOVER

had warned the Negroes against allowing Communists to get into the civil rights movement. BALDWIN said he could not see why they would want to get into the movement anyway. He also spoke of the non violent approach and said the Negroes were getting impatient using these tactics.

It was announced that 1200 people were in attendance at the dinner which started at 7 PM and ended about 11 PM.

Among those at the speakers table who were introduced were MOE FISHMAN of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and BOB THOMPSON who was introduced as a World War II hero who was not receiving his disability from the government because of membership in the Communist Party.

An unknown female at the dinner was overheard to remark that GARY MERRILL the actor was in attendance at the dinner.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
M E M O R A N D U M

TO : SAC, NEW YORK (100-107419) *b7c-1* DATE: 1/6/64  
FROM : SA [REDACTED] (41)  
SUBJECT: EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE  
IS - C

Identity of source:

*b2-1*  
*b7D-1*  
[REDACTED] who has  
furnished reliable info  
in the past (conceal)

Description of info:

Info regarding Civil Rights  
Dinner held 12/13/63 at  
Hotel Americana NYC

Date received:

12/19/63

Received by:

SA [REDACTED] *b7c-1*  
(written)

Original location:

NY [REDACTED] *b2-1*  
*b7D-1*

*b2-1* *b7D-1* copy of informant's written report follows:

1 - NY [REDACTED] (INV)(41)  
1 - NY 100 [REDACTED] (22)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (412)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (412)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (JOHN HENRY FALK)(412) *b7c-3*  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (412)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (JAMES BALDWIN)(412)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (24)  
1 - NY 100- [REDACTED] (412)  
1 - NY 105-38431 (ASSASSINATION OF PRES. JOHN F. KENNEDY)(22)  
1 - NY 100-107419 (41)

JPH:rvs  
(10)

*100-146553-86*  
Searched \_\_\_\_\_ Indexed \_\_\_\_\_  
Serialized \_\_\_\_\_ Filed \_\_\_\_\_  
JAN 6 1964  
FBI-New York  
[REDACTED] *b7c-1*

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 5/24/89 BY 2058 BTJ/ag



NY 100-107419

The following is an account of the Civil Liberty Committee meeting & dinner Dec. 13, 1963 at the Empire Room of Hotel Americana, N.Y.C. 8:30-12 (?)

This meeting consisted of a dinner with speakers seated at a table for (20) twenty people. The hall was filled to capacity. Admission was \$15 per person.

Dr. & Mrs. AVIR KAGAN were seen amongst the audience and PEARL GER & TIBBY BROOKS were also said to have attended.

Speakers were as follows:

JOHN HENRY FALK (?) - appeared to be chairman or moderator for the evening.

Mrs. ANN EATON - spoke very ardently against U.S. newspapers. She repeatedly referred to them as "garbage". She said that there was nothing worse than a misinformed public - that newspapers lied.

JAMES BALDWIN - Introduced as author of book spoke about lack of equality for the negro in U.S. that he would sooner go to Cuba on his vacation with his family than Florida because in Cuba he at least was able to go to the best hotels and restaurants and that his child could go into any rest room in any gas station. (He was the last speaker.)

EDITH SEGAL - She recited herself composed poem called a "ballad for four girls and a President" whose most repeated stanza says: "How long shall free world freedom wait."

BOBBY DYLLON - Introduced as poet and writer and composer. He was informally dressed with sports slacks & jacket without a tie. Was presented the Tom Payne award. - His speech was rather one of free association. He started saying

NY 100-107419

that he accepted the award in the name of the youths that went to Cuba. (One of which took a bow.) That everyone should go to Cuba to see for themselves. Then he said that it wasn't right that there so many older people (at this dinner), that he wanted to see young people. So many "bald heads" - He said his friends didn't wear fancy suits and ties that they just wore plain slacks and shirts like himself. He said: "I see a lot of myself in Oswald, - maybe wouldn't go that far." and repeated this several times in slightly different arrangements of words. The first time he said this, the audience who had cheered him profusely when he came in now "hissed and booed" at these statements. Various people in the audience yelled - "No - no" and "sing - sing" - He explained he didn't have a guitar with him and said that what he had just said (about OSWALD) he had a right to say because the Civil Rights Bill gave Freedom of Speech.

A monetary collection was started at \$10,000 and then went down to smaller figures. No donation of four (4) digits or more was heard offered or accepted. There were about 5-9 three (3) digit donations and individuals envelopes from each table. No announcement as to the full amount was heard.

## UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum *b2-167D-1*

TO : SAC, NEW YORK [REDACTED] (19)

DATE: 1/9/64

FROM : SA [REDACTED] (41) *b7c-1*☐ CI☐ SI☐ PCI☐ PSISUBJECT: [REDACTED] *b2-167D-1*

## Dates of Contact

1/3/64

## Titles and File #s on which contacted

## Purpose and results of contact

☐ NEGATIVE☒ POSITIVE

- 1 - New York (100-107419) (ECLC) (41)
- 1 - New York (100-31769) (NEW YORK PRESS) (41)
- 1 - New York (100-68223) (L. D. BOND) (424)
- 1 - New York (100-[REDACTED]) (421)
- 1 - New York (100-11718) (ADVANCE PRINTING CO.) (41)
- 1 - New York (100-81860) (CLARK FOREMAN) (41)
- 1 - New York (100-[REDACTED]) (422)
- 1 - New York (100-[REDACTED]) (22)
- ① - New York (100-146553) (JAMES BALDWIN) (421)
- 1 - New York (100-91461) (JOHN ABBEY PAUL) (424)
- 1 - New York (100-[REDACTED]) (422)

*b7c-3*AEC:ven  
(12)ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 5/24/88 BY 2881513/af☒ Informant certified that he has  
furnished all information obtained  
by him since last contact.

## Rating

EXCELLENT

## Coverage

100-146553-82

## Personal Data



b21670-1

b7c-1 [REDACTED], who has furnished reliable information in the past, made available to SA [REDACTED] bank records concerning the account named in the attached FD-302 on which pertinent information was recorded.

Information herein obtained confidentially; source's name is not to be disclosed in report or otherwise unless it has been decided definitely that he is to be a witness in a trial or hearing.

The source no longer has custody of the basic documents from which the check information was obtained.

(INV.) The original FD-302 is maintained in [REDACTED]

b2-1 670-1

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 5/24/89 BY 208812731 agf

um

Date 1/9/64

The following checks were among those drawn against the bank account of ECIC:

Check #	Date	Payee	Amount	Bank of Deposit and/or Endorser
149	12/5/63	New Union Press	\$ 377.05	Commercial Bank of North America
175	12/20/63	L. B. Boudin	1,000.00	Chemical Bank New York Trust Company
179	12/20/63	[REDACTED]	1,000.00	Virginia Montonte Cashed
177	12/20/63	Advance Printing Co.	1,000.00	Chase Manhattan (Payment of loan Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company (Balance owed \$2,017.91)
183	12/27/63	Clark Foreman	185.00	Amalgamated
186	12/27/63	[REDACTED]	63.30	Clark Foreman
190	12/27/63	[REDACTED]	40.84	First National City
185	12/27/63	[REDACTED]	114.30	Chase Manhattan

b7c-4

The balance as of December 31, 1963, \$3,008.87.

A review of the ECIC, Special account reflected the following checks drawn:

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 5/24/88 BY 2038570/af

On 1/3/64 at Analgamated Bank of New York File # 100-107419

by SA [REDACTED] ven b7c-1 Date dictated 1/8/64

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

NY 100-107419

<u>Check #</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Payee</u>	<u>Amount</u>	<u>Bank of Deposit and/or Endorser</u>
80	11/29/63	Leonard B. Boudin	\$500.00	Chemical Bank New York Trust Company (Special Fee Student Case)
90	12/13/63	James Baldwin	750.00	Amalgamated (BRD)
94	12/17/63	W. Colston Leigh, Inc.	500.00	Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company (For John Henry Faulk - BRD) 12/13/63
88	12/13/63	[REDACTED]	75.18	[REDACTED]

The balance as of December 31, 1963, \$15,613.05.

The above information is not to be made public except in a usual proceeding following the issuance of a subpoena duces tecum.

The officer to be subpoenaed is [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED], Amalgamated Bank of New York, 11-15  
Union Square, New York, New York.

Straightening a pile of magazines, Marie-France gets absorbed in a pictorial weekly and sits down to chump through it. She glances up with mild interest when the bedroom door opens and Baldwin emerges, cradling a coffee cup in his left hand, at precisely 12:45 p.m.

"Good morning," he says pleasantly. He smiles and moves across the room with big, easy, loose-hipped strides. He is wearing a white sweatshirt with three red stripes daubed on the back ("a joke—it means I'm a member of the U. S. Olympic Drinking Team"), black chinos and simple, expensive-looking sandals he bought in Puerto Rico last summer.

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A HALF HOUR LATER, STILL NURSING HIS coffee, he gives his attention at last—only 70 minutes behind schedule—to the reporter. This amounts to punctuality for Baldwin. Flamboyantly disorganized, he can be relied upon to be hours late for appointments or not to show up at all, a habit that keeps his business associates on edge with anxiety.

As the day progresses, Baldwin swings through his regular daily cycle of liquid nourishment, sipping first coffee (his breakfast), then beer (from the can) and, finally, Scotch augmented by a spoonful of water. It is growing dark before he starts to toy with eggs and toast.

"Jimmy," publicity woman Andrea Smargon remarked the other day, "is not an armored person." Baldwin pays unconscious tribute to the accuracy of her observation by ranging over a score of subjects, exposing each of them to the lightning play of his candor, wit, anger and eloquence.

He discusses love and hate ("equally terrifying"), marriage ("you know, I've been nearly married—three times"), Gide ("too defensive") and, with a burst of laughter that creases his thin cheeks into multiple folds, his own gullibility ("I don't care what the story is—any story, y'know, no matter what you're saying, it just fascinates me and, while I'm listening to you, I'll believe it").

Propping up his knees, he loops his arms around his jack-knifed legs and stares hard at the visitor. "I intend to become a *great* novelist," he says gravely. Baldwin is given to periodic reiteration of this ambition. Each time he sounds as though he were intoning a vow, possibly in defiance of critical insistence that he is primarily an essayist.

The reporter mentions that two of Baldwin's three novels, "Giovanni's Room" and the recent "Another Country," revolve around homosexuality, a circumstance that almost prevented the publication of the former. Baldwin corrects this: homosexuality, he points out, is also "implicit" in the boy's situation in "Go Tell It on the Mountain," his first book.

Unhesitatingly he then proceeds to explain the motivation for the recurrent theme in his fiction:

"There are two reasons for it, I think," he says. "Which are the same reason. The most brutal aspect of it, which is why people make such a fuss about the homosexuality in my novels—the real reason behind the fuss is that, no matter what they—I mean white people—say, I was once a Negro adolescent in this country.

"And, for example, when I hit the Village, one of the reasons why my years there were so terrifying was not only because of white women—but also because of white men. Who looked just like ———." He names a prominent national figure symbolic of conservatism, respectability and bumbling idealism.

"And I was a kid," Baldwin says furiously. "I didn't know any of the things I've since had to find out. People got mad at 'Another Country.' And the reason they got mad is because it's true. And it's much worse than that.

"It would not ever happen that way in any other country of the world—except, possibly, Germany. And in this country, what we call homosexuality is a grotesque kind of—of *waxworks*. You know? Which is the other side of what we call *heterosexuality* here."

His eyes blaze with contempt. "Nobody makes any connections—men or women, or men and men, nobody!" he says. "Parents and children—nobody makes any connections! So, naturally, you get, you know—you get this truncated, galvanized activity which thinks of itself as *sex*."

"It's not sex at *all*. It's pure desperation. It's *clinical*. Do y'know? It comes out of the effort to tell one's self a lie about what human life is like. It comes out of the attempt to cling to definitions which cannot contain *anybody's* life.

"American homosexuality is a waste primarily because, if people were not so *frightened* of it—if it wouldn't, you know—it really would cease in effect, as it exists in this country now, to *exist*. The only people who talk about homosexuality, you know, the way—in this terrible way—are Americans. And Englishmen and Germans. The Anglo-Saxons. The Puritans.

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"IN ITALY, YOU KNOW, MEN KISS EACH OTHER and boys go to bed with each other. And no one is marked for life. No one imagines that—and they grow up, you know, and they have children and raise them. And no one ends up going to a *psychiatrist* or turning into a junkie because he's afraid of being touched.

"You know *that's* the root of the whole—of the American thing. It's not a fear of—it's not a fear of men going to bed with *men*. It's a fear of anybody touching *anybody*. That's what it comes to. And that's what's so horrible about it.

"If you're a Negro, you're in the center of that peculiar affliction—because *anybody* can touch *you*—when the sun goes down. You know, you're the target for everybody's fantasies.

"If you're a Negro, female whore, he comes to you and asks you to do for him what he wouldn't ask his wife to do—nor any other *white* woman. But you're a *black* woman." Hate, deadly, undisguised, seethes in his voice. "So you can do it—because you know how to do *dirty things*."

"And, if you're a *black boy*, you wouldn't believe the holocaust that opens over your head—with all these despicable—*males*—looking for somebody to act out their fantasies on. And it happens in this case—if you are 16 years old—to be *you*!"

The final word explodes, leaving Baldwin panting. The visitor, overwhelmed, gropes for an appropriate comment, fails, interjects weakly, "But, in Italy, they—"

"They understand," says Baldwin, cutting in, "that people were born to *touch* each other."

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THE DOOR OPENS AND HIS BROTHER GEORGE, 35, a shy, handsome man, next to the author in age, enters. He stands there, holding on to the door-knob, in some way immobilized by the high-voltage arc of emotion still crackling through the room.

Then Baldwin nods at the newcomer. The tension snaps. "Hi," says George Baldwin gladly. As though released from a spell, he shuts the door behind him and walks in.

Jimmy Baldwin takes a deep breath. He reaches for a cigaret. The lighter flares, illuminating his slender, elegant hands. Then he pivots a little, picks up a turquoise pillow and thumps it—once, twice—against his sandaled foot.

Continued Tomorrow.



Baldwin, and Socialist Norman Thomas, at Foley Square rally mourning Birmingham bomb victims.



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# JAMES BALDWIN

A New York Post Portrait—By FERN MARJA ECKMAN

## ARTICLE III

JAMES BALDWIN, who has excavated almost every level of his life, mining it for the raw materials that form the foundations of his novels, essays and plays, has never written about his childhood.

"Well," he said the other day, "I think it's one of the things that I've avoided looking at."

Perhaps only a masochist would have done otherwise. Baldwin's earliest years were a period of such unrelieved anguish that survival preoccupied him completely, delaying even recognition of the racial struggle that eventually led him to exile himself from the U. S. for almost a decade.

In his first book, "Go Tell It on the Mountain," a work of fiction he acknowledges as autobiographical, Baldwin told the story of John Grimes, a Harlem boy who turns preacher at 14, huge-eyed, undersized, bright, hungry, poetic, sensitive—and born out of wedlock, a circumstance his mother's husband, himself a clergyman, never forgives.

James Arthur Baldwin, also huge-eyed, undersized, bright, hungry, poetic, sensitive, was born in Harlem Hospital on Aug. 2, 1924. The eldest of nine children in a family always uncertain of enough to eat, he was inevitably assigned the responsibility of looking after his brothers and sisters. Any failure in this area, real or fancied, drew swift retribution from his father.

David Baldwin, a clergyman from New Orleans, was the Harlem counterpart of Edward Barrett of Wimpole Street. An unloving and unloved figure, Baldwin was upright, forbidding and pathologically stern, with an unlimited capacity for introspection and bitterness.

He viewed the entire white world as his enemy. But, with that tragic vulnerability inherent in disadvantaged minorities, he despised himself because he believed the worst the enemy said of him.

The constantly expanding household included the youngest son of his first marriage, Sam, on whom David Baldwin lavished all his affection. It was not reciprocated. Samuel Baldwin fled when he was 11, forever severing communication with his father, leaving Jimmy heir to a strange and unrelenting battle.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

35 NEW YORK POST

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 10/18/89 BY SP2CSTJ/08

Date: 1/15/64  
Edition: LATE CITY  
Author: FERN MARJA ECKMAN  
Editor: DOROTHY SCHIFF  
Title: JAMES BALDWIN

Character: MISC INFO CON  
or  
Classification:  
Submitting Office: NYO

702-14655391  
SEARCHED INDEXED  
SERIALIZED FILED  
JAN 15 1964  
NEW YORK

The boy was precocious, dependable, gifted. These were virtues David would have prized in Sam. In Jimmy, their possession amounted to betrayal—and was punished as such. Thus all his assets of intellect and personality were transformed into dangerous liabilities. Each time he distinguished himself in another bid for his father's approval, he merely succeeded in firing his father's rage. It was a murderous relationship.

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**"I WAS LITTLE AND I WAS UGLY,"** BALDWIN said recently. "You know, you always take your estimate of yourself from what the world says about you. I was always told I was ugly. My father told me that."

"I guess the one thing my father *did* do for me was that he taught me how to *fight*. I had to know how to fight because I fought him so hard. He taught me—what my real weapons were. Which were patience. And a kind of ruthless determination. Because I had to endure whatever it was: to endure it; to go under and come back up; to wait."

"He taught me everything I know about hate. Which means he taught me everything I know about love, too. When he died, I realized what I really wanted was for him to love me. For me to be able to prove myself to him."

(Baldwin's traumatic wounds, nerve-deep, still inflict pain. Only three years ago, in Stockholm, he was shaken by a spasm of envy when Ingmar Bergman casually noted that, after an interlude of conflict, he and his father were close friends.)

Once Sam had quit the battlefield, David Baldwin's impartial hostility united his family against him. His wife, Mrs. Berdis Emma Baldwin, functioned as a kind of underground. "She did things for us behind his back," the author said of his mother not long ago. "She was our ally. But it was part of our common situation not to impose too great a burden on her."

Her "exasperating" and "mysterious" pregnancies never ceased to alarm him. He was always afraid she wouldn't come back. But he faithfully supervised his charges, diapering the babies, walking the toddlers—two at a time—in a stroller, shepherding the

older children on risky expeditions to the Bond plant across the river, where he would buy six loaves of day-old bread and—with luck—rush them home before prowling gangs could hijack them.

"He was my right arm," says Mrs. Baldwin, a woman of gentle presence and dignity who insisted upon working as a domestic until a little more than a year ago. "He lived in books. He'd sit at a table with a child in one arm and a book in the other."

"The first book he ever read through was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He was about 8. There was something about that book. I couldn't understand it. He just read it over and over and over again. I even hid it away—up in a closet. But he rambled around and found it again. And, after that, I stopped hiding it."

(In 1949, more critical, Baldwin indulged in a savage attack on the "self-righteous, virtuous sentimentality" of Mrs. Stowe's novel.)

School, where Jimmy Baldwin scored a series of notable successes, was an affliction for him. "I was physically a target," he said. "It worked against me, y'know, to be the brightest boy in class and the smallest boy in class. And I suffered. So I really loathed it."

("I remember him as a very slim, small boy with that haunted look he has still," comments Mrs. Gertrude Ayer, the retired principal of PS 24.)

At Frederick Douglass JHS, Baldwin continued to roll up excellent grades, but they provided little compensation for what he endured at home. "With whom could I share it?" Baldwin inquires now. "When I told my mother, she was frightened—because my father didn't like it. I simply exposed myself more."

("He was talented even then," says Dr. Florence Einstein of JHS 139, where Baldwin was honored last June as alumnus of the year. "I wasn't his teacher, but I have a vivid memory of him. He didn't mingle with many of the boys. They used to make fun of him. They called him 'bug eyes' and thought he was a sissy because he excelled in English.")

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**WHEN JIMMY BALDWIN WAS 14, HE UNDER-**went "a prolonged religious crisis" and, in the course of it, was "saved." In "Down at the Cross," he has reported:

"One moment I was on my feet, singing and clapping and, at the same time, working out in my head the plot of a play I was working on then; the next moment, with no transition, no sensation of falling, I was on my back, with the lights beating down on my face and all the vertical saints above me."

This experience led him into the pulpit. For three hysteria-tinged years, he preached "the Word," reveling in a most unholy fashion over his superiority to his father as a ministerial drawing card.

(Now, assessing his adolescent performance, he says candidly, "I was a great preacher." And, of course, he still is.)

On weekdays, young Brother Baldwin attended De Witt Clinton High School. There he edited the literary magazine, read Dostoevski and faltered in his determination to gain heaven—which might prove, after all, to be just another ghetto.

"It's funny," says Frank Corsaro, once a fellow-student, now the director of Baldwin's new play. "Jimmy was the saddest-looking little soul. I was involved with the drama productions and he would hover about, shy, almost droopy, very remote—always on the edge of things.")

Several weeks ago, addressing a civil rights rally at the Community Church, Baldwin declared: "I was born in Harlem, I was raised in Harlem and, indeed, as long as I live, I'll never be able to leave Harlem."

In a sense, this is true. Harlem is an extension of Baldwin's family. He carries it with him wherever he goes. But the facts are that he left Harlem at 17 and has never really returned—unless it can be said that the skinny kid who ran away from home is still there, intact, in the person of the even skinnier celebrity who has been welcomed on four continents, earns \$100,000 a year and remains a stranger everywhere.

Industry, its labor market depleted by war, offered Baldwin what appeared to be an escape hatch. It plunged him instead, fresh from graduation, unwary and unprepared, into the torrents of racism. In Belle Mead, N. J., he worked first on the railroad and then on the construction of the Army's Quartermaster Depot.

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"I WAS WORKING WITH A WHOLE GANG OF Southerners," he said recently. "And I caught hell. It was a great revelation that people could be so—so monstrous. My childhood was awful, but it was awful in another way. I hadn't made any clear connection between the fact of my color and the fact of my childhood. It seemed not possible for me to think of myself as 'a nigger,' you know. I fought back. So I spent more than a year out there, fighting my co-workers, fighting my bosses, fighting the town."

Every week he sent most of his salary to his mother, an act of repentance that drained his father's pride. Jimmy Baldwin went home only once that year. His father refused to talk to him. On July 29, 1943, David Baldwin died of tuberculosis and self-starvation induced by paranoia.

In "Notes of a Native Son," James Baldwin wrote his father's epitaph: "I do not remember, in all those years, that one of his children was ever glad to see him come home."

Continued Tomorrow.



Post Photo by Calvacca  
Contrasting studies of James Baldwin.

Photo by Paul Walter

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# JAMES BALDWIN

A New York Post Portrait—By FERN MARJA ECKMAN

## ARTICLE IV

JAMES BALDWIN is convinced that "experience, which destroys innocence, also leads one back to it." Judged by this concept, he himself must long ago have retrieved a child-like purity.

The 39-year-old writer has always flung his arms open to life, remaining enthusiastically receptive to its, sometimes flattering, often malicious attentions. "Jimmy," his intimates confide in explanation, apology and exasperation, "can't say no."

But the day of his father's funeral and his own 19th birthday was a memorable exception. That was the day Baldwin, for a year his family's financial bulwark, heard his despairing mother cry, "I am a widow with eight small children." The number obsessed him.

The eldest of his eight brothers and sisters was 15; the baby, born a few hours after her father's death, was four days old. Baldwin did some simple arithmetic—and was appalled by the result.

"I figured out," he explained recently, "that by the time the youngest kid would be able to take care of herself, I'd be 36. And it would be harder to begin a career then. I'd seen a lot of brilliant, unhappy, miserable and evil people—trapped in Harlem, in various basements, being janitors. And they really were brilliant. That's why they became so monstrous."

"And I could see it happen to me. It would happen to me—if I stayed. And I was ready to take a very long shot: the shot was simply that I would turn into a writer before my mother died and before the children were all put in jail—or became junkies or whores. But I knew I had to jump then."

Baldwin did jump. He jumped to Greenwich Village. He jumped to five years he has since characterized as "desperate."

The traditions of creative non-conformity in the community swirling around Washington Square had first attracted him when he was 16, intent upon exploring the world beyond Harlem. But, when he moved in, the bloom rubbed off. Fast.

In Harlem, he had been too busy keeping his brothers and sisters off the streets to familiarize himself with temptation. Now all the sins catalogued by his puritanical father were thrust before him.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Whatever defenses he had so painfully evolved in the past were suddenly, abysmally ineffectual. He was too young, too small, too poor, too black—in short, he says, too “visible.”

I got into trouble with cops,” he recalls. “I got into trouble with landladies. I got into trouble with everybody. The cops wanted to know why I wasn’t in town. There were only half a dozen Negroes scattered throughout the Village. It wasn’t like it is now.

“And people you thought were friends would— you know, you’d go to somebody’s party—and get eaten up. And I went with a lot of white girls in those days, without realizing that—there was no love in it, y’know. I was just kind of a—I was a stud. I didn’t know that either. I made a lot of discoveries in those years—all of them horrible.”

★ ★ ★

**THE CYNICS IN THE VILLAGE WHO** told that Baldwin was less victimized than subsidized by whites. He shrugged at this, first amused, then abruptly irate.

“I’ve won a few fellowships,” he conceded. “Probably because there was no one around to give them to. And they pick their Negroes. No, I think white people—you know, white liberals or people who say that I’ve been subsidized by whites—are deluded.

“The principal thing they are saying is that I made it because of them, you know. And they think that because I am now a star that it proves something about them. It doesn’t prove anything about them at all. It proves that I managed to survive—and that’s all it proves.”

At 21, he was introduced to his boyhood idol, Richard Wright, who read 50 pages of the first version of “Go Tell It on the Mountain,” liked what he read and maneuvered for Baldwin a Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust Award. A couple of years later, he won a Rosenwald Fellowship.

But he worked for his rewards. He worked right around the clock on a regimen that almost destroyed his health and his reason. During the day, he held down a series of full-time jobs—in defense plants, in

restaurants (he waited on tables at the old Calypso for 12 months); once on the newspaper PM, where he was a copyboy. At night, Baldwin wrote, establishing a topsy-turvy schedule he retains today.

His novel collapsed, forcing him to reassess his career and start again on a less ambitious level. He sold book reviews to The Nation and The New Leader (“about the Negro problem, concerning which the color of my skin made me automatically an expert”), an essay on Harlem to Commentary.

Averaging four hours’ sleep in 24, he finished two more ill-fated books: a documentary on Harlem’s store front churches and “Ignorant Armies,” a novel based on the Wayne Lonergan murder case.

“Probably a very bad book,” he says now. “But I was fascinated by the case. And I was dealing with—well, what I was grappling with really, without knowing it, was the—all the implications in this society of being bisexual. Though I could not have put it that way to myself, then. It was just—you know, I was really untouched. Another reason the Village years were so difficult.”

By the fall of 1948, his morale was so fragile and his confusion so apparent that a friend warned, “Get out—you’ll die if you stay here.” Baldwin passionately concurred with this prognosis. He felt he had lost his identity.

“I could not be certain,” he wrote later, “whether I was really rich or really poor, really black or really white, really male or really female, really talented or a fraud, really strong or merely stubborn . . .”

★ ★ ★

**BALDWIN HAS AN ACTOR’S INTUITIVE TIMING**

“I know when to leave the party, baby”). He recognized his exit cue. Recklessly he booked passage for Paris, planning to cover his fare with the final instalment of his Rosenwald grant.

But the ship sailed three days before his check arrived. Slipping the precious piece of paper in his pocket, he wandered around, feverishly indecisive, numbed by the conflicting advice lavished upon him, all of it oracular.

At the end of four days, terrified he would fritter away the money, he bought a one-way plane ticket to France. Then, and only then, did he dare say goodby to his family.

“What happened is this,” he said not long ago. “That I was born in Harlem, which is not New York.



At a tender age, I left Harlem, which seemed, now, like a prison, to come downtown—which is New York. And uptown, you know, I've been beaten half to death—and got almost slaughtered downtown, y'know.

"So that by the time I was 24—since I was not stupid—I realized that there was no point in my staying in the country at all. If I'd been born in Mississippi, I might have come to New York. But, being born in New York, there's no place that you can go. You have to go out. Out of the country. And I went out of the country and I never intended to come back here again."

As he was standing, he climbed aboard the plane, seven minutes late. Flying across the Atlantic, he pondered: nothing worse could happen on another continent than was bound to have happened to him in the U.S. ("Even if go there and drop dead," he said to himself darkly, with an Ibsenesque flourish: "syphilis and go mad.")

It was November. Fog shrouded Paris. Baldwin rapidly outstripped his jubilation as the plane crossed the field for hours. It was a rather lonely American who finally set foot on foreign soil with \$100 and a French vocabulary consisting of little more than "bonjour."

"There I was," Baldwin says now. "And Paris was awful. It was winter. It was gray. And it was ugly."

But he was cheered by a waiting friend who took him straight to a cafe in St. Germain des Pres, Les Deux Magots, an existentialist hangout where Sartre often held court. There Baldwin glimpsed a more familiar literary figure—Wright.

**THE OLDER MAN USHERED HIS YOUNG COMPATRIOT** to a hotel and bowed out. Swiftly Baldwin's resources evaporated. So did his welcome. He was locked out. Borrowing funds from a Negro architect, Baldwin recovered his baggage. The reunion was brief. He sold his clothes, then his typewriter.

Right after Thanksgiving, at a small hotel owned by a kindly disposed Corsican woman, Baldwin "went to pieces," a process begun at home but hastened by his exposure to the chill of the Paris streets, the inadequacy of his clothing and the certain knowledge that he really "had to go for broke"—or perish.

He neither died nor went mad, of course. But he did learn that he could be at least as hungry and as cold in Paris as in New York. What kept him abroad for eight years was a heady sense of release. At home, he had scrupulously refrained from eating watermelon as a protest against the stereotypes. In Paris, he was relieved of all the complexities of the black man's burden.

"I didn't have to worry about acting 'like a nigger,'" he summed up recently. "I didn't have to prove anything to anybody. I didn't have to walk around, you know, with one-half of my brain trying to please Mr. Charlie and the other half trying to kill him."

"I felt that I was left alone to become whatever I wanted to become. That it was up to me. The trouble I got into in Paris was me. It wasn't—you know, it wasn't some weird abstraction called The American Negro. That's what it did for me."

**Continued Tomorrow.**



WRIGHT

*He found an award.*



BALDWIN

*Paris was just as cold.*

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# JAMES BALDWIN

A New York Post Portrait—By FERN MARJA ECKMAN

## ARTICLE V

IT WAS IN Europe that James Baldwin became an American.

In the U. S., he had felt himself an alien—and an enemy alien, at that. But, divided from the land of his birth by an ocean, liberated from the collective anonymity that transforms the Negroes of this country into invisible men, Baldwin reconciled himself to his identity.

The process was gradual. Breaking out of the ghetto, he was still its victim. He suffered from what he once described as the "profound, almost ineradicable self-hatred" with which this nation endows its black citizens. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should initially seek to forget his color: It was, after all, inextricably bound up in his mind and in his blood with the bitter humiliation he had endured at home.

During the eight years he lived abroad, Baldwin infrequently associated with Negroes. Then as now, his intimates, few in number, were usually white.

"When Jimmy was in his 20s in Paris," explains a Baldwin admirer, lowering his voice several decibels, "he thought seriously of never being a Negro again—certainly never a Negro in America."

Reality did not, of course, conform with this fantasy. Even life in sanctuary—and that is what France represented to him—was not devoid of dilemma. Confronted with Europe's abundant testimony to Western culture, Baldwin, searching in vain for a reflection of himself or his African heritage, despairingly concluded he was an interloper.

"What was the most difficult," he wrote later after merciless self-examination, "was the fact that I was forced to admit something I had always hidden from myself, which the American Negro has had to hide from himself as the price of his public progress; that I hated and feared white people. This did not mean that I loved black people; on the contrary, I despised them, possibly because they failed to produce Rembrandt. In effect, I hated and feared the world."

It is Baldwin's thesis that he has since purged himself of this hate and this fear. But the fury smoldering in his prose and flaring up in his speeches invites a measure of skepticism. Even while counselling peace, Baldwin communicates violence.

In any event, in Paris and, later, in the tiny Swiss village of Loche-les-Bains, James Baldwin came to recognize—and possibly even accept—both his nationality and his race.

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JAN 17 1964  
NEW YORK

★ ★ ★

**"SOMETHING STRUCK ME IN PARIS,"** THE 39-year-old author confessed the other day. "I didn't realize what a *puritan* I was until I found myself dealing with people, you know, whose morality was entirely different from my father's. Which was the morality I carried around with me, really. It was—it was really kind of humiliating to discover it.

"And I watched myself, you know. Just like any other little American, I was doing my best to avoid all the things which I thought of—that I'd been brought up to believe were amoral. But I couldn't—I couldn't, on the other hand, avoid realizing—because I was dealing with the streets of Paris, and with Arabs and Africans and French whores and pimps and street boys, you know—that there was something very beautiful, no matter how horrible.

"Y'know, I saw some—I saw some tremendous things. And some of those people were—very nice to me and, in a way, I owe them my life. D'you know? These were people, you know, that everyone else despises and spits on.

"And it was—it humbled me, in a way. It did something—very strange for me. It opened me up—to whole areas of life. Which—I would never have dared to deal with in America. D'you know?"

★ ★ ★

**WHAT PARIS OPENED UP TO HIM AND WHAT** he dared to deal with is the material he ultimately worked into his three published novels:

"Go Tell It on the Mountain" (begun when he was 17 and completed a decade—or was it a lifetime?—later), "Giovanni's Room" (whose homosexual theme a timid New York publishers to shy off after issuing paternalistic warnings to Baldwin that they were rejecting the book for his own good, really, since publica-

tion would surely "wreck" his career) and the recent "Another Country" (a bestseller, acclaimed and damned in almost equal proportions).

Baldwin writes as he lives: hard. His labor-pains are always intense and prolonged. He tries to ease them by taking refuge, sometimes seriatim, in Istanbul, Corsica, Puerto Rico, Southern France, Switzerland, Fire Island, perhaps a friend's home in Connecticut or Westchester.

Yet, no matter how fast and how far he travels, he never escapes the pangs of creation.

There are always, as he confided not long ago in a letter, "the unforeseeable and demoralizing snags" that occur "when the writer, in working, disturbs one of his sleeping lions, the rage of which he's by no means prepared to face; or, to put it more simply, when the truth concerning one of his characters—or all of them—becomes crucially and unflatteringly involved with the truth about himself . . ."

★ ★ ★

**THE PARIS IN WHICH HE MADE HIS DISCOM-**  
forting discoveries was hardly the tourists' Paris.

Nor was it the artistic bohemia in which his gifted compatriots clustered. Plagued by hunger as well as sleeping lions, Baldwin shunned the company of his peers, convinced he would be patronized by colleagues possessed of influence, affluence or both.

In that hazy period, he built solid relationships with James Jones, William Styron, Philip Roth ("I adore them") and, on a charged, on-again-off-again basis that is at once closer and more threatening, Norman Mailer. But the incestuous atmosphere of literary parties made Baldwin uneasy. And still does.

At 25, chronically skidding on the edge of starvation, he frequented a Left Bank bar where he could scrounge sandwiches and beer. There he met one day a lean, quiet, dimpled youth with a Charles Boyer voice and a talent for painting, Lucien Happersberger, 17, who had just run away from his home in Lausanne.

The two formed an alliance ("partly because, I suppose, I had the habits of an older brother, really") that continues to this day. Happersberger, whose 11-year-old son is Baldwin's godchild, currently serves as the writer's secretary, buffer and companion. "That's my best friend," says Baldwin, smiling at him affectionately.

Distance has lent the usual nostalgic enchantment to their early adventures, but at the time they were reminiscent of Corki rather than Saroyan. Baldwin remembers a rainy Thursday in Paris when he and Happersberger hadn't eaten for a couple of days.

"We lived in this terrible place on Rue Jacob, way

up on the top floor," Baldwin recalls, grinning. "Lucien and I went downstairs because we thought we could eat around the corner at this woman's restaurant. On credit. And it was closed." He begins to laugh. "And we had no cigalets. And no money. Nothing! And it really was like that."

"What did you do?" the reporter inquires.

The room resounds with Baldwin's laughter. "Why, we went back upstairs. It was raining." He rocks back and forth, helplessly, joyously, his huge eyes squeezed shut, laughing so hard that a tear courses down his cheek.

★ ★ ★

**WHILE BALDWIN WAS GROWING THINNER AND shabbier on the streets of Paris—yes, and sometimes in its gutters—and learning to acknowledge his puritanical instincts and relishing his freedom and struggling with his autobiographical novel and selling an occasional essay, an editor back in New York buttonholed a psychologist-author:**

"Kenneth," Elliot E. Cohen of Commentary magazine said to Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, "there is a young man in Paris by the name of Jim Baldwin. If we can keep him alive, he will emerge as one of the greatest writers America has produced."

"What's his name again?" Clark asked.

"James Baldwin," Cohen said. "Don't forget it."

★ ★ ★

**IN 1952, FOUR YEARS AFTER HE HAD EXILED**

himself from his native land, Baldwin decided to visit the U. S. He was intent upon pushing the sale of "Go Tell It on the Mountain," but he had another—an unspoken, interior—motive. He wanted to test the interaction between his country and himself.

The young writer had just enough money to pay his hotel bill or his ship fare. Bailed out of Paris by Marlon Brando ("he's a beautiful cat"), Baldwin arrived home stone-broke. His youngest brother, David, welcomed him at the pier with a \$10 loan. Armed with borrowed cash and a borrowed suit, Baldwin prowled around New York.

"It was a nightmare," he says, whispering each word. "I'd been away just long enough—to have lost all my old habits, all my old friends, all my old con-



With Shelley Winters at a literary symposium.

néctions, you know. So I came back into a kind of limbo."

Knopf bought his book and Baldwin fled back to Paris. But the city of light had somehow dimmed in his absence. Paris had been his haven, his prop. Suddenly Baldwin required neither. He retired to a chalet belonging to Happersberger's family. There, in the Swiss Alps, he licked his wounds and brooded.

Baldwin had spent two weeks at the chalet the summer before but, to these villagers who had never seen another black man, he remained an exotic rarity. They fingered his hair; they touched his cheek to determine whether the color rubbed off; they roused in him "the rage of the disesteemed"—and a new maturity. In Loche-lès-Bains, Jimmy Baldwin finally came of age.

"No road whatever will lead Americans back to the simplicity of this European village where white men still have the luxury of looking on me as a stranger," he wrote in a brilliantly perceptive essay that defined the nature of America's conflict and his own. "I am not, really, a stranger any longer for any American alive. One of the things that distinguishes Americans from other people is that no other people has ever been so deeply involved in the lives of black men, or vice versa."

Once James Baldwin had written those lines, the days of his expatriation had to be numbered.

**IN THE WEEKEND EDITION:** James Baldwin in America.



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# JAMES BALDWIN

A New York Post Portrait—By FERN MARJA ECKMAN

## ARTICLE VI

ON ONE OF THOSE dismal, wet days when all Paris is submerged in gray and the entire population appears to be in mourning, James Baldwin trudged into the American Express office, praying he would find there a check from New York that represented salvation.

For economy's sake, the young author was then living in the village of Gallardon, near Chartres, pooling his skimpy resources with a Frenchman who painted, a Norwegian girl who sculptured and a German-African woman who wanted to write. On this occasion, it was Baldwin's turn to try his luck at reviving the communal exchequer. He had set out by bus, but a strike had obliged him to proceed on foot from the gates of Paris.

His mission proved a grotesque failure. No money awaited him. But 10 spanking-fresh copies of his first published work, "Go Tell It on the Mountain," did. Magnificently burdened with these testimonials to his success, Baldwin sloshed through the streets in rain-logged sandals to a bar in St. Germain des Pres.

Stacking his books on a table, he sat down behind the impressive array, dripping water into miniature puddles, cadging beer and waiting hopefully all day—alas, in vain—for some generous soul who would at least lend him enough money to get back to the country. "I was," Baldwin said recently, "absolutely broke and starving."

Ten years later, in the summer of 1963, now a literary figure of distinction with an income that justified his sporadic taste for caviar and champagne, Baldwin was driving up Park Av. with his publisher, Richard Baron of Dial Press, and his agent, Robert P. Mills.

Baron stopped for a red light. A blond girl in the next car, catching sight of Baldwin, held up a copy of "Another Country," then just off the press, and called out in a thick-as-honey Southern accent, "My daddy says the language is terrible but I think the book is great!" It was a memorable encounter and Baldwin loved every fleeting second of it.

Between those two incidents, Jimmy Baldwin's life had undergone a sea of change. In 1957, propelled homeward by a realization that "whatever's happening in your country is happening to you" and a mounting aversion for the woe-unto-the-U. S. lamentations of Paris' American contingent, Baldwin had returned "for good" to the land of his birth after more than eight years abroad.

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"I wasn't in the *least* prepared to come back here," Baldwin observed the other day. "But, on the other hand, I was out of kilter in Paris too, because I couldn't get along with the bulk of the American colony—especially the American-Negro colony who, so far as I could see, spent most of their time, you know, sitting in bars and cafes, talking about how awful America was. And I didn't cross the ocean to do that, you know."

"And I wasn't prepared either to be used by the French—or any other European—as a stick to beat the U. S. over the head with. For, after all, it was *my* country. And France was really no better—you know, no country is. And for the French to complain, you know, to be indignant about the way America's treated Negroes—seemed to me absolutely, you know, *hypocritical*—since I knew the way they treated their own black people."

★ ★ ★

**LIKE A DEEP-SEA DIVER TRYING TO PREVENT** the bends, Baldwin cautiously edged himself back into the U. S., spending nine sample months here in 1954.

Even so, the transition was jolting. It was hard for him to adjust to a system he was "determined not to adjust to." For a couple of months, he languished in a hotel room, moping, drinking too much, wondering what to do next.

"The thing to do, y'know, if you're really terribly occupied with—with *yourself*," he explained not long ago, "the thing to do is to, at any price whatever, get in touch with something which is *more* than you. Throw yourself into a situation where you won't have time to weep. So I went South. Because I was *afraid* to go South."

Baldwin was—and still is—"scared to death" in Deep South. His terror springs from his unfamiliarity with the intricate code of behavior indulged in by both races there, a "weird kind of etiquette" that cannot be acquired "surface-wise."

Deliberately exposing himself to Southern segregation patterns, Baldwin crossed the Mason-Dixon line for the first time on an assignment from Look

magazine. The experience was painful but unexpectedly "beautiful." He found himself exhilarated and stirred by the day-to-day heroism of Negro civil rights crusaders.

"I suppose the depth of my involvement began then," he reflected. "Because I—was forced to *understand*—that people *talked* to me as though I were a messenger. To get—to get the message out."

On that initial journey, so long dreaded, so long fantasied, the forerunner of scores of others, each equally terrifying, Baldwin decided that the artist's role is to bear witness to what life is and what life does: "To speak for people who cannot speak—you are simply a kind of conduit."

The bitter grace of his first collection of essays,



Baldwin and Charlton Heston arrive for last August's Washington March.

"Notes of a Native Son," had been triumphantly received. But Baldwin could still, with a fair degree of accuracy, entitle his second volume, "Nobody Knows My Name." It was this book, with its wrenching report on the Southern condition, that riveted the attention of students in the South.

"This was the point," Baldwin said, "where I meant something in their lives. And they began to depend on me more. And—it turned out that money could be raised on my name, y'know. And they needed money to pay all those terrible court costs. To get people out of jail, you know. And so I began donating my time to do that."

★ ★ ★

HE BEGAN THEN AND HE HAS YET TO STOP.

At any hour of any day, Jimmy Baldwin can be deflected from the central and avowed purpose of his life, whether by an urgent request for his presence at integration rallies, emergency meetings—even protest marches, although he detests the military ceremony that attends such demonstrations.

A legend of 1962, The New Yorker published a story that forms the major portion of "The Fire Next Time." Almost overnight, Baldwin's cherished privacy was invaded by the brouhaha of public attention. His professional timetable, chronically disorganized, collapsed.

The opening of his new play, "Blues for Mr. Charlie" (dedicated to the memory of his friend, Medgar Evers, the Mississippi field secretary for the NAACP who was murdered last June) has been indefinitely postponed, at least in part because Baldwin

repeatedly delayed completion of the script to fulfill civil rights engagements.

Baldwin, who believes his own death at the hands of white supremacists is far from unlikely, was overwhelmed by Evers' ambush slaying. But neither that event, nor the tragic assassination of President Kennedy, ever for a moment shook his conviction that the force and dimension of the desegregation struggle must be inexorably expanded.

So total is Baldwin's commitment that his family (with the notable exception of his youngest brother, David, "my ally") and several of his associates periodically remind the essayist, novelist and playwright that his most effective battlepost is the typewriter, not the platform.

These confrontations are wearing for Baldwin, whose devotion to his mother and his eight brothers and sisters—emotional and financial—is unstinting.

"I've had this argument with them many, many times," Baldwin said recently. "And they're perfectly right so far as it goes. What they overlook is that it was exactly because I kept writing that all this happened."

"David and I had a tremendous fight with my sister Gloria, in a taxi, when she was saying what my mother said, you know: 'I don't want Jimmy in politics.' And David said, you know, 'Then you don't want Jimmy in the world.'"

In Baldwin's view, he is participating in a global "convulsion of nature" rather than a national movement. "I think of it as a revolution," he said, the tinkle of ice in his glass stilled for the moment.

"And I don't see any way of—of escaping your role, if you have one, in a revolution, y'know. It's up to you somehow to figure out how to do two things at once. It's—just—kind of difficult."

On a personal level, he is willing to settle for a compromise arrangement. He plans to buy a three-story house in New York (in which his mother will occupy one floor, his secretary—with his wife and two sons—the second, himself the third) and an apartment in Paris (anticipated cost: \$25,000).

Then, continuing his transatlantic commuting, he could work six or seven months in France and spend the rest of the year here, "being a public figure."

Meanwhile, as "a holding operation," Baldwin moved just a few days ago from a friend's house on East Third Street to a spacious, seven-room, four-telephone establishment in a still-fashionable ("for the next five minutes") building on West End Avenue.

Renting suitable quarters was frustrating, even for such a celebrity as Baldwin. Vacancies were mysteriously filled as soon as landlords discovered the applicant was a Negro. On one occasion, Baldwin's Swiss secretary, Lucien Happersberger, was blandly informed "bachelors" were regarded as undesirable tenants.

AND SO, LITERARY LION THOUGH HE IS, DIS-  
crimination still stalks Baldwin. But he requires  
no such stimulus to fire his rage. Jimmy Baldwin is a  
small man containing a monumental anger. Some-  
times he unleashes it at the well-intentioned as well  
as at the sinners.

Last October, when he was the Board of Educa-  
tion's guest speaker at PS 180, in Harlem, a white  
teacher, shy and earnest, made the mistake of in-  
quiring, "How would you define the role of the  
white liberal?"

Baldwin stared at him. In the modern idiom, and  
certainly in Baldwin's, "liberal" is a term of oppro-  
brium. "I don't really want to be abusive," the author  
finally remarked icily. "But what I really want to say  
is there is no role for the white liberal. He is really  
one of our afflictions."

From the predominantly Negro audience, there was  
a groundswell of laughter and applause. The teacher  
who had put the question slumped in his seat, crimson  
with embarrassment. Baldwin went in for the kill:

"The role of the white liberal in my fight is the  
role of the missionaries, of 'I'm trying to help you,  
you poor black thing, you.' The thing is—we're not  
in trouble. You are."

"I'd like to suggest that white people turn this  
around and ask what white people can do to help  
themselves. No white liberal knows what Ray Charles  
is singing about. So how can you help me? Work with  
yourself!"

This hostility, intricately interwoven through the  
labyrinthine Baldwin personality, reveals itself from  
time to time, inflaming some of his listeners, alienating  
others. But what Baldwin occasionally preaches is  
flatly contradicted by what he practices. Outside his  
family circle, he has only four real intimates; three  
of them are white. Carried away by rhetoric, he is apt  
to convey a distorted message.

Still, just the other day, expounding his theory  
that a worldwide race war is "more than probable"  
in our time, Baldwin, in Cassandra mood, dourly pre-  
dicted:

"People will have to make alliances on that basis,  
y'know. And someone like me, someone like Lucien"—  
Happersberger, just entering the room, looked startled  
—"will perish. In the middle. Because," said James  
Baldwin, the words surging up on a tide of passion,  
"I can't make my alignments on the basis of color."

Last of Six Articles.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

SAC (100-91330)

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OTHERWISE

1/15/64

SA [REDACTED] #414

HUNTER PITTS O'DELL  
IS-C

On 1/2/64, [REDACTED] advised that on 1/3/64 at  
5:00 p.m. the subject was to visit the residence of JAMES  
BALDWIN, 470 West End Ave., NYC, apt. 6. (X)u

On 1/3/64 at 5:23 p.m. the writer and SA [REDACTED]  
observed HUNTER PITTS O'DELL entering apartment  
building 470 West End Ave., NYC. (X)u

Sub A. [Log covering above activity] located (100-91330) -

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~  
Classified by 60272 EEP/08  
Declassify on: OADR  
62-20-918  
89-3016 JHP  
304-84

① - 100-146553 (JAMES BALDWIN) (412)

FJM:tmc  
(2)

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ON 3/11/99  
CA97-5269

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

100-146553-95

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 15 1964	
NEW YORK	

[REDACTED]

b7c-1

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b2-b7D-1 1/21/04

Date received 1/3/64	Received from (name or symbol number) [REDACTED] (X) U	Received by SA [REDACTED] b7c-1
Method of delivery (check appropriate blocks) <input type="checkbox"/> in person <input type="checkbox"/> by telephone <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> by mail <input type="checkbox"/> orally <input type="checkbox"/> recording device <input type="checkbox"/> written by Informant		
If orally furnished and reduced to writing by Agent: Date _____ Dictated _____ to _____ Transcribed _____ Authenticated by Informant _____		Date of Report [REDACTED] b7D-2 Current
Brief description of activity or material General Harlem Activities		File where original is located if not attached [REDACTED] (X) U b2-b7D-1
Remarks: [REDACTED]		

Classified by SP8 BTJ/afp  
Declassify on: OADR 5-24-89

Classified by 69126p/afp  
Declassify on: OADR 2-28-90  
39677SAH/8

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PAGE IS CLASSIFIED  
UNLESS INDICATED OTHERWISE

DECLASSIFIED BY AUC 39677SAH/8  
ON 3/11/99  
CA97-5269

- b2-1 - NY (100-148729) (FREEDOMWAYS FORUM) (421)
- 1 - NY [REDACTED] (INV) (41) 7 U
- b7D-1 - NY (100- [REDACTED]) (421)
- 1 - NY (100-144189) ("FREEDOMWAYS") (414)
- 1 - NY (100- [REDACTED]) (421)
- 1 - NY (100- [REDACTED]) (JAMES BALEWIN) (412)
- 1 - NY (100-95550) (PAUL ROBESON, JR.) (414)
- 1 - NY (100-26603-C42) (NY COUNTY CP) (421)
- 1 - NY (100-26603-C1214) (421) (Harlem CP)

JAH:bam  
(9)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Block Stamp  
[REDACTED] 46553-96  
SEARCHED [ ] INDEXED [ ]  
SERIALIZED [ ] FILED [ ]



~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-26603-C1214

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

[Harlem Activities] (S)(u)

New York City [redacted] (S)(u) b7D-2

LEON LOVE, Acting Chairman of the 11th A.D. Club, Harlem Region, CP. stated that the Harlem section of the Communist Party is planning an All Harlem Conference, which shall be held perhaps on a Sunday, within the near future. Plans are not yet completed. (S)(u)

Also, that thru the Communist Party, tickets shall be available for the stage play, "In White America". \$300 tickets shall be sold at a discount to all C.P. members wishing to attend the performance of this play. (S)(u)

On Sunday Jan. 19, 1964, Freedomway, shall have a Forum at the Powell Center, 137th Street, near 7th Avenue, New York City, featuring OSSIE DAVIS, and author JAMES BALDWIN. PAUL ROBESON, JR, shall lend his effort and support this forum. (S)(u)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

SAC, NEW YORK (100-91330)

1/23/64

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OTHERWISE

HUNTER PITTS O'DELL aka  
IS - C  
(OO: NEW YORK)

DECLASSIFIED BY AUC396775AH/8  
ON 8/11/99  
CA97-5269

The following information was furnished [redacted] on 1/9/64: (X)u

[redacted] contacted JACK O'DELL and complained about her husband and how he is treating her. She said that her husband told her he was working in Washington but she has found that he is working for the "National Educational, Television and Radio Corporation" in NY. She said that she wants tuition for her son [redacted] but that her husband stated he would send it when he is good and ready. She added that [redacted] husband is handling the case for her. O'DELL said she should not be surprised at her husband's conduct because he always acts that way. (X)u

O'DELL called JAMES BALDWIN's apartment but GLORIA (LNU) stated he was not available. O'DELL asked GLORIA to call JEROME (LNU) and tell him that he, O'DELL, has a ticket for the "Freedomways" benefit show on January 10, which seat will be near where BALDWIN is sitting. She said she would have BALDWIN call O'DELL later. (X)u

- (1) - 100-146553 (JAMES BALDWIN) (412)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (423)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (423)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (421)
- 1 - 100-20789 (W.E.B. DU BOIS) (412)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (414)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (422)
- 1 - 100-144189 (FREEDOMWAYS ASSOCIATES) (414)
- 1 - 100- [redacted] (424)

JFO:mab  
(10)

Classified by SP8 BTJ/alo  
Declassify on: ODR 3-24-89  
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-91330

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

[REDACTED] contacted JACK O'DELL and said he just came in from California and his working on a memorial affair for Dr. DU BOIS and wants O'DELL to work on it and attempt to get some celebrities for the program to be held at Carnegie Hall on Feb. 23. He suggested that O'DELL call [REDACTED] (phonetic) [REDACTED] at the Lawyers Guild and talk to her about this affair. (S) M

b1c-2

O'DELL contacted [REDACTED] (phonetic) at the Lawyers Guild and she said that she would like O'DELL, herself and DOROTHY BURNHAM to get together to talk about the DU BOIS affair. She said that January 10 is the last day she will be working at the Lawyers Guild so they may be able to get together the next week. (S) M

If the information furnished by this source is disseminated outside the Bureau, it should be paraphrased to protect the identity of the source.

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OTHERWISE

SAC, ATLANTA (100-6078)

SAC, NEW YORK (100-91330)

HUNTER PITTS O'DELL aka  
IS - C  
(OO: NEW YORK)

Classified by ~~1691288P/08~~  
Declassify on: OADR 2-20-90  
~~89 3016 JHP~~

On 1/3/64, [REDACTED] furnished information reflecting that on that date, O'DELL contacted [REDACTED] at "Freedomways" and told her that he was having dinner that evening with JAMES BALDWIN and hoped to make MAYFIELD's (HENRY O. MAYFIELD) funeral. She told him that the funeral was at 8:00 PM. O'DELL asked if he could visit [REDACTED] at her home the next day because he had some things to discuss with her. She agreed and then told him that a DANNY LYONS (phonetic) had called from Atlanta and does not want "Freedomways" to use his pictures but that he has cashed the check. She added that she had heard that LYONS is not well thought of at the "Snick" (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) office there but is kept on because they cannot find a photographer to take his place. O'DELL said that he would call him, that there will be no strain on relations with "Snick" and asked [REDACTED] to leave the "Snick" telephone number in Atlanta on his desk. (X)U b2-1 b7c-2

On 1/5/64, [REDACTED] advised that on that date O'DELL contacted telephone number [REDACTED] in Atlanta and asked for a [REDACTED]. He asked her when and why she went to the hospital and she told him that it was the result of a bleeding ulcer. She added that she does not know how long she will be in the hospital and he closed by telling her not to think about anything except that he loves her. (X)U b2-1

Classified by ~~208153/08~~  
Declassify on: OADR 5-2-80

3 - Atlanta (100-6078) (RM)

{ 1 - 100-5718 } (SCLC)  
{ 1 - 100- [REDACTED] } (SNCC)

1 - New York [100-21082] (HENRY O. MAYFIELD) (422) (X)U

① - New York [100-146551] (JAMES BALDWIN) (412)

1 - New York [100- [REDACTED]] (414) (X)U, b7c-3

1 - New York (100-144189) (FREEDOMWAYS ASSOCIATES) (414)

1 - New York

JFO:mas

(8)  
DECLASSIFIED BY AUC396715AH/2  
ON 3/11/91

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CA97-521.9

100-146553-98  
SEARCHED.....INDEXED.....  
SERIALIZED.....FILED.....  
41 JAN 28 1964

b7c-1

NY 100-91330

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

b2-1 & u

If the information furnished by [REDACTED] is disseminated outside the Bureau, it should be paraphrased to protect this source, and it is recommended that this information be classified "Secret" because of the sensitive nature of the source and because of the information furnished reflecting O'Dell's involvement in racial matters. (X) u

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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

SAC, NEW YORK (100-91330)

1/17/64

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OTHERWISE

SA [REDACTED] (#414)

DECLASSIFIED BY AUC 39677 SAH/8

b1c-1 3/11/99

CA97-5269

HUNTER PITTS O'DELL  
IS - C

The following information was furnished by [REDACTED] on the dates indicated: (X)U

b2-1 [REDACTED] On 1/8/64, [REDACTED] contacted O'DELL and asked if he would be coming to the office early that day because she was in the day before expecting him and when he did not come in it was awkward for her because they had nothing for her to do. She said that she proceeded to clean the shelves. She added that she would be coming in today but would have to leave early. O'DELL stated that he is still working on the All-Southern Issue and was not planning to come in early. He suggested that she not come in today because he could not get the letters out and said that they would both come in early the following day. (X)U

(It is believed that this conversation concerns the office of the magazine "Freedomways", where O'DELL is working and the All-Southern Issue and it is further believed that [REDACTED] at this office. (X)U

[REDACTED] next asked O'DELL about a meeting of February 12 at which O'DELL had agreed to speak, adding that she is sending out a letter soon to the parents group and needs a sketch about O'DELL. She said that at the last meeting a person by the name of JANE HOGUE (PH), was not too keen on having O'DELL speak since he was not well known, but that she, [REDACTED] pushed it through. O'DELL said that they would have to send him an invitation at "Freedomways" and [REDACTED] agreed to take care of it. (X)U

- 1 - 100-[REDACTED] (422) (X)U
- 1 - 100-20789 (W.E. B. DU BOIS) (412) (X)U
- 1 - 100-146553 (JAMES BALDWIN) (412) (X)U
- 1 - 100-[REDACTED] (X)U
- 1 - 100-[REDACTED]
- 1 - 100-144189 (FREEDOMWAY ASSOCIATES)

JFO:mtm  
(7)

Classified by 6972 EFP/ab  
Declassify on: OADR

Classified by [REDACTED]  
Declassify on: OADR 5-2-88

100-146553-99  
SEARCHED INDEXED  
SERIALIZED FILED  
JAN 20 1964  
FBI - NEW YORK

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
M E M O R A N D U M

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TO: SAC, BOSTON

DATE: 1/16/64

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-107419)

SUBJECT: EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE  
IS-C; CNA - 1960  
(OO: NY)

DECLASSIFIED BY AWC 39677SAH/8  
ON 3/11/99

CA97-5249

1 - Boston (100- ) (RM)  
1 - Chicago (100- ) (RM)  
1 - Cleveland (100- ) (RM)  
1 - Milwaukee (100- ) (DR. ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN) (RM)  
1 - Philadelphia (100- ) (RM)  
1 - Washington Field (100- ) (I. F. STONE) (RM)  
1 - NY 134-2220 (INV) (41) [X] [X]  
1 - NY 100-25780 (CORLISS LAMONT) (41)  
1 - NY 100-91461 (JOHN HENRY FAULK) (424)  
1 - NY 100-81860 (CLARK FOREMAN) (41)  
1 - NY 100- (412)  
1 - NY 100- (424)  
1 - NY 100-146553 (JAMES BALDWIN) (412)  
1 - NY 100-68223 (LEONARD BOUDIN) (424)  
1 - NY 62- (413)  
1 - NY 100- (422)  
1 - NY 100- (422)  
1 - NY 100-58224 (JOSEPH BOUDIN) (424)  
1 - NY 100- (421)  
1 - NY 100- (413)  
1 - NY 100- (413)  
1 - NY 100-137309 ("WORKERS WORLD") (413)  
1 - NY 105- (413)  
1 - NY 100- (413)  
1 - NY 100-133479 (YSA) (413)  
1 - NY 100-140667 (ADVANCE) (414)  
1 - NY 100- (414)  
1 - NY 100- (41)  
1 - NY 100-2545 (VALB) (41)  
1 - NY 100- (41)

b7c-3

169/2/8  
100-90  
184-306 JHP  
Classified by 58850/8  
Declassify on: OADR  
3/2/99

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1 - NY 100-107419 (41)

HRN:mm1  
(67)

WTH

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100-146553-100  
SEARCHED INDEXED  
SERIALIZED FILED  
16 1964  
NEW YORK  
b7c-1

~~1~~

1

b7C-3

~~4/5~~

2) ~~10~~ 4)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-107419

Identity of Source: [Panel Source] ~~TXU~~  
b1C-5 [redacted] who  
b1D-3 has furnished reliable  
information in the past  
(conceal)

Description of Info: ECLC dinner at Hotel  
Americana, NYC, 12/13/63.

Date Received: 12/16/63 b1C-1 ~~TX~~

Received by: SA [redacted] (written)

Original Location: [NY [redacted]] ~~TXU~~

A copy of informant's written report follows: b2/b7D

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-107419

Report of Tenth Annual Bill of Rights Dinner

Americana Hotel - Imperial Ballroom

Dec. 13, 1963

Sponsored by Emergency Civil Liberties Committee

Meeting opened by CORLISS LAMONT who introduced Dr. ALEXANDER MIDDLEJOHN recipient of an award from President JOHNSON recently. He cut the cake commemorating 172 anniversary of Bill of Rights and 12 anniversary of ECLC.

There were approximately 1500 people present. This dinner is of importance in view of the recent tragic events, the assassination of President KENNEDY. Mr. LAMONT introduced the toastmaster.

JOHN HENRY FAULK - who won a judgement of 3.5 million dollars against "Aware" a reactionary publication. This has been reduced to \$500,000. "Aware" planned to ruin his career by libeling him where it would do him the most harm. Mr. FAULK introduced the first speaker.

Mrs. CYRUS EATON - wife of Ohio farmer, industrialist. Believes in peace, travel and democracy. Born Ohio, graduate of Massar, teacher, member of Jr. League. Her topic was: "Ban The Bomb" or 2 generations of imbeciles is enough. Her name is Dr. ANN KEUDER EATON.

Article I of Bill of Rights grants freedom of speech & press. The press has been granted privilege of spreading lies faster and further than anyone including some Congressmen.

A nation that kills its own people (Negro revolt & President KENNEDY) needs to have its head examined. News that is "Fit to read" is limited.

After W W II Americans took the easy way out. Go home to family and forget the truth.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NY 100-107419

She described a typical American wife and referred to her as "Rosy the Riveter". She felt a part of an ideology during the war effort - She then became a housewife, then a mother. She eventually failed as a housewife & mother. She felt guilty because she had no fulfillment of purpose. She was the victim of a stampede of millions of lies by press, advertising agencies, etc.

We forget that America's business is "Business."

Rosy stays home to buy, buy. The advertisers write the copy.

She feels she has failed because she has fought to make the world safe for capitalism.

American females are proportionately getting less degrees than a decade ago.

If this continues the American female will rank with the most backward in the world.

The American female has been fooled once. She will not be fooled again.

Her husband "Joe" has had a daily dosage of tranquilizers in the form of "Bi-Partisan Foreign Party". You cannot challenge or question this policy.

Communism is likened unto the other woman in capitalism's togetherness.

JOE is afraid to think. He is saddled by The HUAC & S.I.S.C.; saddled by those who would impeach WARREN; saddled by the F.B.I., which is hypnotized by the Communist Party. They cannot recognize the greatest organized underworld.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~